

P284.05
B937

OUR
UNITED CHURCH.

*A Discourse preached in Côté Street Presbyterian Church,
Montreal, on the evening of Sabbath the 20th June,
1875, (the Sabbath after the Union), by the former
Pastor, REV. R. F. BURNS, D.D., now of
Fort Massey Church, Halifax, N. S.*

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL REQUEST.)

Montreal :

PRINTED BY A. A. STEVENSON, NO. 245 ST. JAMES STREET.



1875.



P284.05

B937

OUR UNITED CHURCH.

*A Discourse preached in Côté Street Presbyterian Church,
Montreal, on the evening of Sabbath the 20th June,
1875, (the Sabbath after the Union), by the former
Pastor, REV. R. F. BURNS, D.D., now of
Fort Massey Church, Halifax, N. S.*

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL REQUEST)

Montreal :

PRINTED BY A. A. STEVENSON, NO. 245 ST. JAMES STREET.

1875.

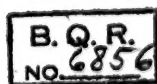
ROBERTO L. RUIZ
1916-1918

BX

9881.4

Q4 138

TS



PREFATORY NOTE.

The accompanying Discourse was prepared in haste and without the remotest idea of publication. It is placed at the disposal of my former charge in deference to the urgent wishes of attached friends. My inability, from this distance, to correct the proof sheets in passing through the Press, will account for any Typographical errors.

R. F. B.

Halifax, N. S., 1st July, 1875.



OUR UNITED CHURCH.

COLOSSIANS III. 15 ; last clause,—“ BE YE THANKFUL.”

It is not to the general duty of christian thankfulness, we invite you to-night—though that be most proper and profitable, but to thankfulness for a special blessing—the recent Union of our common Presbyterianism throughout the Dominion of Canada.

On these days much to be remembered, we have been making history: history, whose varied bearings on the future of our Church and Country, we are too near the scene and the subject of it, adequately to realize, nor, amid the excitement and hurry of the present occasion have we the requisite leisure, calmly to contemplate them, and clearly and consecutively to bring them out.

We have been too absorbed in the actings of the “living present,” to be able to find, as yet, suitable expression for the emotions their contemplation excites. But a glance, and that cursory and superficial, can now be taken by us, of a theme, which in our more collected moments, will be most prolific and suggestive. Even our hurried thoughts will furnish matter sufficient for a hearty compliance with the precept before us—“Be ye thankful.”

Tuesday, the fifteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, will be always a “Red Letter Day” in our Ecclesiastical Calendar. This month will be to us “as the beginning of months.” We enter on a new era. The Lord has been mindful of us and blessed us. The negotiations between the four contracting parties

have been characterized by features which constrain us to acknowledge "This is the Lord's doing, and it is wondrous in our eyes." At times, the prospect seemed doubtful. Our day was like Zechariah's "neither day nor night." But the "goings forth" of our King, have been as the morning—a morning without clouds" !

What grounds for gratitude present themselves !

I. Think at the outset of the *field* opened up before us ! The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places—yea, we have a goodly heritage ! While thankful for the empire to which we belong—embracing one sixth of the area of the globe and over one sixth of the world's population, under the firm tho' gentle sway of the best of Sovereigns, God bless her ; let us be thankful specially for the good land we live in, and the fair Dominion of which we form a part. Our country is larger than the entire United States—larger than the whole of Europe, embracing an area of four million square miles, and supplying field and sustenance for teeming millions. We touch two Oceans. We link two Hemispheres. No pent up Utica confines our powers.

Ours is a boundless continent, within whose bowels are secreted the food and the fuel for myriads yet unborn. These limitless prairies, piercing mountain ranges and peaceful valleys ; those fields and forests unexplored where men will yet be " famous according as they have lifted up axes on the tall trees"—those "continuous woods" where roll the Saskatchewan, the Winnipeg, the Assiniboine, the Fraser, "and hear no sound save their own dashings," will bye and bye, be swarming hives and crowded marts, echoing the hum and hurry of an intelligent and industrious population.

To us, in concert with the other sections of Christ's

one Church, her glorious Head, who takes in the whole at a glance, is saying :—

“ There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed, go ye up to possess the land.”

Never more clearly than since those negotiations were commenced, which have reached so auspicious a consummation, has the summons sounded, “ go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people. Cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones, lift up a standard for the people.”

II. Because of the *successful termination* of the *Mutual Conferences* of these four contracting Churches, especially is the Lord saying to us to-day, “ Be ye thankful.” For Presbyterian Unions already accomplished we have reason to thank God. For example, in Scotland in 1820, the Burghers and Anti-burghers became the United Secession, and *it* again, 28 years thereafter, in 1848, joined with the Relief in forming the United Presbyterian Church. In 1840 the old Light Burghers joined the Church of Scotland. In 1852 the Original Seceders (the McCrie body) came into the Free Church—and now, the Reformed Presbyterians are about following the same course. The cutting the cancer of Unitarianism out of the bosom of Irish Presbyterianism was followed by the Union of the Synod of Ulster and the Seceders, causing our fair Hibernian sister to “ prosper and be in health” as never before.

The year 1858 witnessed the union into one compact body in *Australia*, of her three Presbyterian Churches. New Zealand took similar action about the same time.

The United States and the British American Provinces have witnessed several such Unions also. Among our neighbors on the other side of the line, the principal have been: the Union at Pittsburgh in 1858 of the Associate and the Associate Reformed into the

“ United Presbyterian Church of North America; and the Union 11 years thereafter, in the same city, (in Nov. 1869), of the two great divisions of the Presbyterian Family in America, known as the Old and New Schools.

The Eastern and Western sections of our Dominion have already each witnessed two Unions.

In 1840, “ the United Synod of Upper Canada ” (formed in 1818 of Ministers from the Associate Church of Scotland and the North of Ireland), joined the Synod of the Church of Scotland.

On the 6th June, 1861, the Canada Presbyterian Church was formed in Montreal, the result of a Union between the Presbyterian Church of Canada, the offspring of the disruption in 1844, and the United Presbyterian Synod which was planted in 1832 by three ministers,—Robertson, Proudfoot and Christie, who were designated to Canada by the United Associate Synod of Scotland.

In the Presbyterian Unions of British North America, Nova Scotia has borne an honorable part. It has led the way. The first there, preceded by three years the first of the Scottish Unions. The Union of 1817, in New Scotland, foreshadowed that of 1820 in Old Scotland; between the same bodies, whose wranglings over the Burgess oath had been for a lamentation.

In 1769, the birth year of Wellington and Napoleon, 10 years after the conquest of Quebec, two worthy members of the Burgher Synod, David Smith and David Cock, said “ Here are we, send us ” to the Macedonian cry wafted across the waters from that their distant and destitute colony. Years after, the Anti-Burgher Synod received a similar appeal, which touchingly besought them “ in the bowels of our Lord Jesus Christ and for His sake, for the advancement of His

cause, and the salvation of precious souls in the wilderness, to send with all convenient speed, a minister to labour in word and doctrine." James McGregor, then "the only preacher under their inspection," was at once set apart to the work. With beautiful simplicity and humility, yet with characteristic resoluteness of purpose, says the youth who was destined to be the Apostle of Nova Scotia: "I was thunderstruck. I never till then met with an event to deprive me wholly of a night's sleep. I resolved to go."

For many years, these two sections of the Presbyterian Family, worked apart, till in 1817, "after (we are told) much consultation and prayer" they came together, thus heading the long catalogue of Unions, during the nigh 60 years, since, when the Lord of love has been so signally gathering into one the dispersed of our Israel.

Nova Scotia's second Presbyterian Union took place in 1860, the year before the last Union in Montreal, and between the same parties. And now, within the same royal city—the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, after an interval of fourteen years, our Canadian Presbyterianism so long divided, has become one.

The negotiations commenced at the first General Assembly of the Canada Presbyterian Church, held in Toronto, in June 1870. During these five years there has been, as before the first Union of 1817, "much consultation and prayer." "For the divisions of Reuben there have been great searchings of heart." Clouds have, at times, darkened the horizon. But the breath of prayer and the wind of the spirit have blown them away. Churches that met in the fierce conflict have been folded in a fraternal embrace. Outpourings of the spirit in different quarters have caused increasing

endeavours to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of Peace. Brethren that had fallen out by the way are beginning to present the seemly spectacle of brethren dwelling together in unity. Let gratitude warm our hearts to-night for the remarkable answers that have been given to the many prayers offered for the Peace of our Jerusalem.

For our brethren and companion's sakes who may still have their misconceptions and misgivings, their difficulties and doubts respecting the question of duty, let us now say "nevertheless, whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing."

III. For the increase of *numbers*, of *resources*, of *strength*, of *ability* to do *the work* of the Lord with enlarged efficiency, which the Union will bring, "be ye thankful."

Our condition separately stood thus : In the Canada Presbyterian Church 3 Colleges, 19 Presbyteries, 338 Ministers, 656 Congregations, 78 vacancies, 50,702 Communicants. In the Church of Scotland in Canada, 2 Colleges, 11 Presbyteries, 141 Ministers, 17 vacancies, 179 Congregations, 17,247 Communicants.

In the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces are 1 College, 10 Presbyteries, 124 Ministers, 138 Congregations and 18,082 Communicants. In the Church of Scotland in the Lower Provinces, are 6 Presbyteries, 31 Ministers, 41 Congregations and 4,622 Communicants.

Our United Church will thus have a total of 6 Colleges, 46 Presbyteries, nigh 650 Ministers, or 800 including Preachers and Student Missionaries, over 1,100 Congregations, and 100,000 Communicants. In many of our Congregations, especially the Highland ones, the roll of membership affords but an inadequate idea

of our numbers. The census test is, all things considered, the most reliable : according to the last taken, that of 1871, there are in the Dominion, of Baptists, 237,453 ; Congregationalists, 21,829 ; Roman Catholics, 1,492,049 ; Wesleyan and New Connexion Methodists, 410,979 ; other Methodists, 156,092 ; Church of England, 494,049 ; Presbyterians, deducting 20,000 for the dozen American Congregations and other Presbyterians that may not enter the Union, (a deduction rather in excess of the reality,) the sum total of our United Church will be about 600,000, making it thus considerably the largest Protestant denomination in the Dominion. But God forbid that we should be vain of mere numbers. Remembering the tests to which Gideon and his host were subjected, they may reveal weakness rather than strength. It has been well said that churches should be *weighed* not numbered. May we when weighed in the unerring balances of the sanctuary not be found wanting !

Let us pray that this increase of *material* may be accompanied and followed by a corresponding increase of *moral* power, and that our church in her united, yet more than in her separated capacity, may receive, not the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."

We cannot too often repeat it, that mere increase of numbers does not necessarily involve increase of power. The brave man of old was stronger with his noble, resolute 300, than when his eye glanced proudly along the serried ranks of the many thousands of Israel ; *these* melted away under the application of their leader's test, *those*, were enabled to stand in the evil day and having done all to stand. He who brought fire out of the rock, and wrung water from the fleece still reigns King in Zion. With him have we renewed

our solemn league and covenant as King of nations and King of saints. He has answered our united prayer "Jehovah Shallom," the Lord send Peace. He has spoken peace unto his people, yet, is He summoning us to war, even to the great battle of God Almighty. With the addition just made to our numbers we run the risk of vain glorious self-confidence. He would have us stand still and see the salvation of God, all boasting excluded, without one vaunting word. With us too He may have to insist, "the people are too many," there must be a weeding out, "lest Israel vaunt themselves against me," saying "mine own hand hath saved me." Our tendency is to trust in chariots and horsemen, instead of to remember the name of the Lord our God. Bring up the re-inforcements, more men ! more men ! as if we would leave Jehovah so much less to do, and our own arm would get us the victory. He would have us know "the battle is not your's but the Lord's."

Last Tuesday's demonstration, magnificent though it was, was after all, but a mustering of the forces, sad should it turn out but as on a review day to show off our accoutrements and make a feint of fighting, and if when it comes to a stand up fight, a close grapple, any of us should prove cowards. Brethren, the Lord hath need of such as are strong and very courageous.

Let us trust that our tarrying here has been until we be endued with power from on high, receiving power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon us. Thus made strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, clothed with humility, and at the same time, clad in the whole armor of God, will we, as a united church look forth from our windows, "fair as the moon," in purity of character ; "clear as the sun," in the manifestation of the truth ; and in the strictness and

impartiality of our discipline, the strength of our moral convictions, and the concentrated energy we bring to bear against the giant forces of Evil, "terrible as an army with Banners."

IV. Be ye thankful for the *large family* to which you belong.

In the Fatherland, there are five principal Presbyterian bodies, with nine additional, inferior in size and importance. There are 48 Synods, 276 Presbyteries, 4546 Churches, 42,000 Office-bearers, 1,195,148 communicants.

On the Continent of Europe are many Presbyterian Churches—and others which, though not in all respects, purely Presbyterian, are formed substantially after that model.

Australia, including the Synods of Victoria, Queensland, New Zealand, and New Hebrides, has 330 ministers, and 384 charges.

In the United States, Presbyterianism has presented six types. 1. The *Dutch*, from Holland; starting in 1623, in the region of New York. 2. The *English*, introduced under Puritan auspices, and taking root specially in the soil of New England. 3. The *German*, from Fatherland, planted in Pennsylvannia and Northern Virginia. 4. The *French*, which was Huguenot in origin and spirit; and found a settlement in the sunny South. 5th and 6th. The Scotch and the Irish, or the Scotch-Irish, for the two blended; though the latter had the predominating influence.

The Scoto-Hibernian element has pervaded the regions where American Presbyterianism was strongest and has exerted a masterly moulding power. The Presbyterian denominations of the great Republic are eight; though three of them be comparatively small.

The Reformed Presbyterian in two divisions, the Reformed German and the Associated Reformed (South).

The great overshadowing body is called, "the Presbyterian Church in the United States;" the largest section of the Presbyterian family in the world. Its first Presbytery, composed of seven members, met in Philadelphia in 1705, its first Synod in 1717, and its First General Assembly in 1789. It consists now of 35 Synods and 174 Presbyteries. Its ministers number 4597, its licentiates 309, its home missionaries 1012, its colporteurs 136, its communicants 495,654, nigh half a million; its total income for the past year over nine million dollars. This vast Presbyterian organization has foreign missions in India, China, Siam, Syria and Japan, whose converts for the past year number 1400. There are 13 Theological Seminaries with 550 students of theology receiving aid in the prosecution of their studies.

Throughout the entire United States, there are 84 Presbyterian Synods, 475 Presbyteries, 11,521 Congregations, 8,441 Ministers, 979,139 Communicants, and an annual revenue of over 12½ millions of dollars.

Take the world-wide view, and the aggregate is much greater than we have been in the habit of supposing. Throughout the entire world, there are 146 Presbyterian Synods, 1,180 Presbyteries, 20,133 Churches, 18,774 Ministers, and a population of 34,351,877. Taking in the Lutherans that come so close to us in many things, there would be added a population of 20,579,768, making fifty-five millions in all, the larger half of the 107 millions of Protestants in the world.

Be ye thankful then for this, that ye are linked to a great and good company. The Pan Presbyterian Confederation that is to convene next year or the following, will reveal our belonging to the largest division

of the Protestant family, and thus be a practical refutation of the notion entertained by not a few, that Presbyterianism is a plant indigenous to the Scottish soil, and cannot thrive when transplanted elsewhere. Many shall then come from the east and the west and the north and the south, to attest its capability of growth and expansion on every soil, beneath every sky.

Again, let the caveat be thrown in, not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, because of our honourable ancestry and numerous relations.

If we compare ourselves with ourselves, or measure ourselves by ourselves, we are not wise.

V. Let us show our gratitude to Him who hath done the great things for us whereof we are glad, by considering one another to provoke unto love and to good works, and by coming up together to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Our Union should secure for us a better division of our field, a more equable distribution of our forces. Some posts are over manned, while others are neglected. Our petty rivalries have perpetuated weak and struggling interests, to the neglect of fields that are white already to harvest. Our Union should work in the direction of re-adjustment and re-enforcement. New vigor should be infused into our Home Mission operations. Those portions of our church that have been as yet, little better than "playing at" foreign missions, should shake themselves from the dust and put on their strength.

Our Union should be accompanied by an increase of christian liberality and personal effort and spiritual power. Some object or objects should be selected in whose behalf a memorial thanksgiving fund should be raised. If the mercies of God so abundantly showered on us do not influence us to present our bodies anew

on His altar a living sacrifice, our lip expressions of thankfulness will be a mockery and a sham. Oh ! let us see to it that there rest not on our re-constructed church the curse of "Meroz."

"Great God of Love" hold back the curse of "Meroz" from our church, which fed to fullness on the bread of heaven, sleeps o'er the cup of blessings, and forgets to gather up the fragments of the feast, for famished, suppliant heathen ! The call to our church seems already sounding clear as that which woke the stillness of Shiloh's shrine, it finds expression thus ; "spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes for thou shalt break-forth on the right hand and the left." May we hold ourselves at the Lord's beck and bidding with all the ardor and alacrity of the boy prophet crying tremblingly yet trustfully, "here am I, for thou *didst* call me," "speak, Lord, thy servant heareth." I will hear not what policy or interest or inclination may dictate, but "what God the Lord will speak." Be ours the Mizpeh memorial ! when we have so many Ebenezers dotting the pathway of our retrospect, and casting their shadows before to gild the Horizon of our future. To the conquest of this fair land for Him who claims it as His own, let us march forth as a united company.

Let us commence our new history by throwing ourselves more earnestly than ever into the missionary cause. We are living in a grand and awful time. There were never as many christians as to-day. Nor were there ever as many Bibles. A single Society has circulated more copies in a year than existed in the entire world in 1804, when that Society was formed.

In 1792, but one Missionary Society, now they are counted by the score. Then, but one or two Missionaries, and no native Preachers ; now, 2000 European and American Missionaries, and hundreds of Natives

telling to the perishing millions the story of Jesus and His love. Then no converts at all, now tens of thousands gathering round the cross. Then, £13 2s 6d, the tiny rill of Christian Liberty, now a gushing stream of Millions of Dollars, on whose bosom blessings untold are being borne to many lands. Then, the River of Life was boomed and barred, and the Gospel Ship freighted with the true Bread, held off from the famishing, like the scene outside Derry nigh two centuries ago—now the tide has risen, and over every boom and barrier, the heaven-sent vessel is being gloriously carried, and the famine, not of bread nor of water, but of hearing the word of the Lord, is being graciously supplied.

In Asia, amongst 600,000,000 in its eastern, western and southern sections, 70 years since, strangers alike to the message and the messenger, the Word of God is not bound, and there are seen the feet of them that bring the good tidings. Ethiopia stretches out her hands unto God. Whereas darkness covered that land and gross darkness her people. Her borders are girt with a luminous fringe, and even, amid the Egyptian gloom of the interior "the morning light is breaking—the darkness disappears."

The Isles wait for God's law, and form the crossing stones for the stately steppings of Zion's King, as with sword girt on His thigh, he marches forth to conquer the Nations. The wall, whose circuit of 1,500 miles environs China, and symbolized the obstacles to the entrance and diffusion of the Gospel among her 400,000,000, has been sealed, if not overthrown. Turkey and Persia, the Jachin and Boaz in the Temple of the false prophet, totter, to their fall. The Continent of Europe witnesses the overturning of thrones and the upheaving of dynasties,—the shakings among the nations.

that harbinger the coming to these sinning, sorrowing nations of Him who ought to be their desire, the hurricane, earthquake, and fire, preceding the "still small voice," God's marvellous whisper, that is to speak our erring planet up again to the bright brotherhood of worlds whence it has wandered.

The entire World is on tiptoe, her dry places long and pant for the approach of the Living Waters. Thank God the River is rising. It widens its bed. It overflows its banks, and no power on earth or hell can presume to stop it.

Waft, waft ye winds His Story,
And you ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.

VI. Finally, beloved, let our present Union intensify our longings for a yet grander confederation—when all of every name and nation shall be gathered into one fold, under one shepherd.—Incited yet more by this visible incorporation to love the brotherhood, let us realize more than ever the fellowship of kindred minds to be like to that above. No grander spectacle have we witnessed here below, than when, in that spacious Hall, so providentially provided for the purpose, hand joined in hand, and heart beat responsive to heart, and there rose our song of jubilee "as the voice of a great multitude,—and as the sound of many waters."

But we shall see yet greater things than these.

How pleasant thus to dwell below in fellowship and love! But there is a fellowship nobler far. Into our fairest Edens, the apple of discord is cast, the serpent's trail is seen, but there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all yon holy mountain. We have had glorious gatherings here, but into the best of them human imperfection has entered, what must it be to be

there, to mingle in the songs and services not of 5000 at the most, but of "a multitude that no man can number?" To that most memorable of all assemblages are we now moving.

Yet a little while, and

"At our Father's loved abode,

"Our souls arrive in peace."

The General Assemblies of earth will fade into insignificance when we come "to the General Assembly of the Church of the Firstborn whose names are written in Heaven." What a surpassingly glorious meeting will *that* be! Our Assemblies here will seem to have no glory, by reason of that glory which excelleth.

At the close of the Franco-Prussian war, the triumphant victors came to Berlin for a reception of welcome. As each regiment approached the city gate from the Thiergarten, it was halted by a choir, demanding by what right it would enter the city. The regiment replied in a song, recounting the battles it had fought and the victories it had won.—Then there broke from the admiring Choristers the joyous acclaim: "Enter ye the city." And so the next came up, recounting its deeds, and so another and another was challenged and welcomed. They marched up the Linden between rows of captured cannon; and with the banners they had borne and the banners they had taken, they saluted the statute of grand old Frederick,—the creator of Prussia,—So, when the warfare of earth shall have been accomplished, and the kingdom of Christ assured, the phalanxes of His church shall go up to the City with songs and tokens of victory.—We belong now to different regiments. We vary a little in our colours, like the soldiers from the diversified Principalities of which the now consolidated Fatherland is made up. But we even now feel as they, that we have one cause, one

Captain, one glorious Emperor, who has on His vesture
and on His thigh a name written, King of Kings and
Lord of Lords.

“ One army of the living God.
At His command we bow,
Part of the host have cross'd the flood.
And part are crossing now.”

As we tarry in the enemy's country, the “*esprit de corps*” runs through the ranks. Our commander's messages—“Love the brotherhood ;” “Let brotherly love continue,”—we are trying to carry out better than once. No more stealing a march on one another. No more pouring shot, hot and heavy, into each other's lines. No more standing apart, but “shoulder to shoulder.” Not face to face, to conflict, but back to back, to conspire, forming one solid square, in front of a common foe. We visit one another's camps. We sing and talk beside each other's pickets. Our mutual interchanges become more frequent and fraternal. Resting thus on our arms, we have been refreshed. The Banner over us has been love. We have foretasted the sweetness of the Upper Banqueting House, where the same broad Banner will be our canopy, and a blissful Eternity be spent in recounting the struggles of the wilderness, and enjoying the rest that remaineth to the people of God.

And ye too, celestial immortals, have mingled in our meetings, and have found an increase to your joy, in seeing us “walk in love.”

“ Even now by faith, we join our hands
With you that went before,
And greet your blood-besprinkled bands,
On the eternal shore.”

We hail the day when the armies of the faithful shall win the entire world for Him whose right it is. “By

little and little" are they now driving out the "armies of the aliens." The places where Satan's seat is, are being gradually captured. Bye and bye, the Prince of this world shall be cast out, and the Banner of Salvation wave triumphantly over his remotest stronghold. Then will the bugle blast be "homeward-bound," and the march "home again" of the victorious veterans to the German capital, will be re-produced on an infinitely grander scale, when the "ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, all the separate detachments of the Sacramental Host, in united array from the fields of their bloodless conquests. Through the pearly gates they will pass, singing Hallelujahs.—Along the golden streets they will march, to lay their trophies at *His* feet, on whose Head are many crowns.

Oh ! that, with yonder sacred throng !

We at His feet may fall !

Join in the everlasting song

And crown Him Lord of all !

APPENDIX.

Certain points not touched on in the Sermon, are embraced in an address delivered by Dr. Burns, in Halifax, on the 13th July, a portion of which we subjoin :

Dr. Burns related the incident of two Brothers that had become estranged. They lived apart till advanced in life. One was about to die. The Minister of God pled with him to be reconciled, and then went to the brother and constrained him to consent to an interview. They met. "Brother !" said the old man sick unto death. "Brother !" responded the old man standing by his deathbed. Neither could say any more. The one bent down and kissed the other. They kissed as little children, and the grey hair of the old men mingled together. They put their arms round each other and lifted up their voices and wept. "And we all gave thanks to Almighty God (says the faithful peace-maker who brought them together) again and again that His Grace—His subduing—softening grace—could conquer such strong hatred.

In a measure, thus, feel the two "Brother" Churches (for they are in reality but two, though geographically four) that have been "by a way they knew not"—though under the guidance of Him who is "our Peace"—brought together—not in the decrepitude of age, and on the verge of dissolution, but in the heyday of health and the vigour of manhood. Our resolution, therefore fittingly recalls the "mercies of God vouchsafed to the negotiating Churches, and the special mercy of their gathering into one." It has been to-night repeatedly

called a Marriage, but we whose standards are particular in this matter, should scarcely call it so, for we were too *near of kin* to admit of our being married ! It was the union of two rivers ; the two living streams that ran parallel and simultaneously along opposite sides of Dorchester St on the lovely morning of the 15th June—at the magnificent meeting place of the waters—flowed into one—and singularly enough Montreal is where the noble St. Lawrence and Ottawa meet : as Pittsburgh, the scene of the grand Union in the United States six years ago, is the meeting-place of the Alleghany (which means “ clear flowing river ”) and the Monongohela (which means—and, is it not being verified ?—“ River of *Crumbling Banks*.”) Taking either the wedding or the water illustration, or both, the vision of an American Bard rises before us, and his Prayer, in the closing stanza of his Epithalamium fittingly embodies our sentiments and feelings :—

I saw two clouds at Morning,
 Ting'd by the rising Sun,
 And, in the dawn, they floated on
 And mingled into one.
 I thought that Morning cloud was bless'd,
 It moved so sweetly to the West.

I saw two Summer currents,
 Flow smoothly to their meeting.
 And join their course, with silent force,
 In Peace each other greeting :
 Calm was their course, through banks of green,
 While dimpling eddies played beetwen.

Such be your gentle motion
 Till life's last pulse shall beat.
 Like Summer's beam and Summer's stream
 Float on, in joy to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
 A purer sky where all is Peace !

But the burden of our resolution is intensely practical. It summons us to steadfastness. We pledge in it "unabated loyalty to the time hallowed principles of our common Presbyterianism." The truths "most surely believed amongst us." Calvinian or Calvinistic, men call them, but they are more properly Paulinian, or Biblican, for it was the province of that marvellous Frenchman, (deemed by his contemporaries, at the age of 22, the most learned man in Europe, and of whose writings it is said, a thousand editions were circulated during his life-time) systematically to arrange, and logically and luminously to expound, those cardinal doctrines which form the staple of the Pauline Theology. These doctrines have had graven on them, at sundry times and in divers manners, the seal of divine approval. They have received the sanction of "the goodly fellowship of the Apostles and the noble army of martyrs." In their favour, God's hidden ones witnessed a good confession. The Reformers before the Reformation testified of these, and as for the "Giants of those days" themselves, they preached none other Gospel. Calvin but removed the rubbish that had gathered round the true foundation : he but brought out in illuminated characters those portions of the precious parchments which superstition had distorted and dimmed. To these blessed doctrines we declare in terms of this Resolution our "unabated loyalty." And so, with reference to our beautiful Church polity.

Its principles we believe to be founded on the Word of God, where the Jewish Synagogue with its bench of Elders is presented to us as the model of the New Testament Church. Its grand outlines are observable among those Christian communities which were freest from the leaven of that mystery of iniquity which even in Apostolic times did already work. These principles

were held by the refugees from the ten bloody persecutions of the old Roman Empire. Vigilantius and his followers who nobly protested against the growing corruptions of the Church, in the fourth century, held them. The Paulicians of the seventh century held them and fled to the frowning fastnesses of the Alps to escape the wrath of the adherents of the Hierarchy. They were the principles of the Original Church in England, for, when Augustine the monk was sent thither from Rome, he found Churches planted which had existed since the first century, and which, it is believed, were planted by Paul when "he took his journey into Spain." The first form which Christianity assumed in Ireland was Presbyterianism. Succat,—afterwards called Patricius (St. Patrick), a Scotchman, planted 365 Churches, to each of which he assigned a Bishop or Presbyter with a bench of Elders for the Government of the Church. The Culdees, whose Theological Seminary at Iona was the source whence the religion of Jesus circulated throughout Scotland, were Presbyterians. Columba, the Irishman who paid back to Scotland the debt which his then favoured isle owed to Patrick the Scotchman, sowed, in concert with twelve Presbyters, the seeds of Presbyterianism in that land which is now its head-quarters.—Among our honored fathers we rank

"God's slaughter'd saints—
Whose bones lie scattered
On the Alpine Mountains cold."

The Israel of the Alps in whom was fulfilled the Patmos seer's vision of the woman fleeing into the wilderness to escape the Papal dragon, preserved, amid the smiling valleys of Piedmont and the rugged grandeur of those everlasting hills which stood as watchful sentinels over their peaceful homes, preserved in their

primitive purity, those "time-hallowed principles" which are dear to the hearts of all Presbyterians—till the myrmidons of the Papacy came down like wolves on the fold, and they were killed all the day long, and accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

The Covenanters of Scotland and the North of Ireland showed themselves heirs to the Waldenses of the Cottian Alps. They were tortured, not accepting deliverance. There's many a lowly cairn and mossgrown stone and blood-dyed hillock in the dear old land, that form the mute though meet memorials of the "great wrestlings" of that "Cloud of Witnesses."

Be worthy sons of such worthy sires. Buy the truth and sell it not. Barter not away privileges wrung from the grasp of crowned and mitred tyranny at such a price. Set a high price on principles which have made so many lives sublime and so many deaths glorious.

